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The image displays a severely degraded and high-contrast scan of a document. The background is a light, grainy white, while the foreground is filled with a dense, chaotic pattern of dark, irregular marks and speckles. These marks are scattered across the entire frame, with some appearing as small, distinct dots and others as larger, more complex, blotchy shapes. The overall effect is one of extreme noise and corruption, making any original text or graphics completely illegible. The pattern of marks suggests a combination of physical degradation (like dust or ink bleed-through) and digital processing artifacts.

— 184 —

10

This image displays a dense, irregular pattern of dark, elongated, and somewhat vertical streaks or fibers against a light background. The pattern resembles a microscopic view of a material or a heavily textured surface. The dark elements are scattered across the frame, with some appearing as thin, curved lines and others as more solid, irregular shapes. The overall effect is one of a complex, organic, or fibrous structure.

Our hoste bidde us all about  
And see his man was there, about  
He drew out of his singel mount  
And by his clothes that were he went  
He was a man went to walk about  
He was not alive in cloister, if not  
He could not religiouslike be  
And therefore was he fully dead.

Our hoste bid us, what men art thou?  
Sir, quoth he, I am in line  
For I am went to go to the flow  
And some my meate for that I dine  
To eat & drink I make enough  
My wife & children knowe to feed  
And some yet and I visit down  
But we have men be full blinde.

For clerkes say we shal be free  
For we shal not eat & drink  
And they wylt wylt us for a free  
Neither to eat nor yet to drink.      This

1892

1892

1892



## The prologue

They mooue by lawe / as they sayne  
Us curse and dampne to helle bynke  
Thus they putten vs to payne  
With candels queynte and belles clynke

¶ They make vs thralles at her lust  
And sayne we mooue nat els be saved  
They haue the corne / and we the dust  
Who spebeth ther agayn they say he rauced  
¶ What man / q our host / canst thou preche  
Come nere and tell vs some holy thyng  
¶ Syr / quod he / I herde ones teche  
A preest in pulpyt a good prechyng

¶ Say / on quod our host / I the beseeche  
Syr I am redy at your byddyng  
I pray you that no man me reproche  
Whyle that I am my tale tellyng.

¶ Thus endeth the prologue / and here  
foloweth the fyrst parte of this  
present worke.

**A** Sterne styfe is stered newe  
In many stedes in a stounde.  
Of sondrie sydes that be sewe  
It semeth that some ben vnsounde:  
For some be great growen vngrounde  
Some ben louble / symple and small.  
Whether of hem is faller founde  
The faller foule mote hym befall.

¶ That one syde is / that I of tell.  
Popes / cardynals / and Prelates  
Parsons / monkes / and freres sell  
Priours / abbottes of great estates  
Of heuyr and helle they kepe the pates  
And Peters successours they ben all  
This is deined by olde dates  
But falsshed foule mote it be fall

A. ii.

The

me

and can be a true word for

They make us thralles at her lust  
And sayne we mooue nat els be saved  
They haue the corne / and we the dust  
Who spebeth ther agayn they say he rauced  
¶ What man / q our host / canst thou preche  
Come nere and tell vs some holy thyng  
¶ Syr / quod he / I herde ones teche  
A preest in pulpyt a good prechyng

Rarratio.

333f

### The fyrst parte

**T**he other syde ben pooze and pale  
And people put out of pzease  
And seme caytyfies soze a cale  
And euer in one without encrease  
I clepeth lollers and londlese  
Who toteth on hem they ben bntall  
They ben arayde all for the peace  
But falsshed foule mote it befall

**M**any a countrey haue a sought  
To knowe the faller of these two  
But euer my traueyle was for nought  
All so ferre as I haue go  
But as I wandred in a wo  
In a wodde besyde a wall  
Two foules sawe I sytte tho  
The faller foule mote hym befall

**Gryffon.** **T**hat one dyde plede on the Dopes syde  
I Gryffon of a grymme stature  
I Delycan withouten pride  
To these lollers layde his lure  
He muled his mater in measure  
To counsaile Christ euer gan he call  
The Gryffon shewed as sharpe as fyre  
But falsshed foule mote it be fall

**Delycan** **T**he Delycan began to preche  
Bothe of mercy and of mekenesse  
And sayd / that Christ so gan vs teche  
And meke and mercyable gan blesse  
The Euangely bereth wyrtesse  
**Eccc agnus dei.** I lambe he lykeneth Christ ouer all  
In tokenyng that he mekest was  
Sith pride was out of heuyn fall

**Exemplum  
vobi vobis.** **A**nd so shulde euery Christned be  
Prestes / Peters successours  
**Qui maior  
est vestrum.** Beth lowlyche and of lowe degre  
And bsen none erthly honours

Repyther

**The fyrst parte:**

Neither crowne/ ne curious couctours  
 Ne pylloure/ ne other proude pall  
 Ne nought to costen vp great treasours  
 For falsshed foule mote it befall

*Polite the  
 saurizare.*

**C** Preestes shulde for no catell plede  
 But chasten hem in charite  
 Ne to no bateyle shulde men lede  
 For inhaunsyng of her owne degre  
 Nat wylne sytrynges in hys see  
 Ne souerayntie in house ne hall  
 All worldly worshyppe desye and flee  
 For who so wylleth highnes foule shal fall

*Qui voluerit  
 tecum co-  
 tendere i iu-  
 dicio. sc.  
 Cum vocat  
 fueris ad  
 nuptias rectu  
 be in nouitas  
 mo loco. sc.  
 Qui se exal-  
 tat humiliat  
 bitur.*

**C** Mas who may suche sayntes call  
 That wylne the welde erthly honour  
 As lowe as Lucifere suche shal fall  
 In balefull blackenelle buyden her bourc  
 That eggeth the people to errour  
 And maketh them to hem thral  
 To Christ I holde suche one traytour  
 As lowe as Lucifere suche one shal fall

*Reges gentis  
 um dominan-  
 tur: comunice  
 q dominantes  
 in die.  
 Qui habun  
 dauerit iusti-  
 tia vestra  
 plusq scriba-  
 rum et phari-  
 seorum.*

*Subt for n  
 of the King*

**C** That wylleth to be kynges peccers  
 And higher than the Emperour  
 Some that were but pooze freres  
 Nowe wollen waxe a warrour  
 God is nat her gouernour  
 That holdeth no man his permagall  
 Whyle couetise is her counsaylour  
 All suche falsshed mote nede fall

*Non in eis  
 calicosis.*

**C** That hys on horse wylleth ryde  
 In glytterande golde of great aray  
 I paynted and portred all in pryde  
 No comen knyght may go so gaye  
 Change of clothyng euery day  
 With golden gyrdels great and small  
 As boystous as is bere at baye  
 All suche falsshed mote nede fall

**A. iii.**

**With**

## The fyrst parte

*Me pastores  
bus Israel / q  
pascabant se  
metiplos.  
Ezech. xxxiiii*

**C** With pride ponysshed the pooze  
And some they sustayne with sale  
Of holy churche maketh an hoze  
And fylleth her wombe with wyne and ale  
With money fylleth many a male  
And chaffren churches whan they fall  
And telleth the people a leude tale  
Suche false faytours foule hem fall

*In cithara &  
lyra et tibia  
num et tibia  
et vinum in  
cuius bel  
tris : et opus  
domini non  
respiciat / nec  
opera manu  
um eius con  
sideratis.  
Iste. v.*

**C** With chaunge of many maner metes  
With songe and solace sytting longe  
And fylleth her wombe / and fast fretes  
And from the mete to the gonge  
And after mete with harpe and songe  
And ethe man mote hem lordes call  
And hote spyes euer amonge  
Suche false faytours foule hem fall

**C** And mytters mo than one or two  
Iperled as the quenes hedde  
A staffe of golde / and pyxey lo  
As hely as it were made of ledde  
With clothe of golde both newe and redde  
With glytteraunde golde as grenc as gall  
By dome woll dampne men to dedde  
All suche faytours foule hem fall

**C** And Christes people proudly curse  
With brode bokes / and brayeng bell  
To putte pennys in her purse  
They woll sell bothe heuyn and hell  
And in her sentence and thou wylt dwell  
They wyllen gesse in her gay hall  
And though the sothe thou of hem tell  
In great cursyng shalte thou fall

**C** That is blessed / that they blesse  
And cursed that they curse woll  
And thus the people they oppresse  
And haue their lordshyppes at full

And



### The fyrst parte

And many be marchantes of wolle  
And to putte pennyes woll come thralle  
The pooze people they all to pull  
Suche falle faytours foule hem fall

**C** Lordes mote to hem loute  
They faunt to her bzode blessing  
They ryden with her royall route  
On a courser / as it were a kyng  
With saddyll of golde glytteryng  
With curpous harneys quaryntly crallyt  
Styropes gaye of golde mastlyng  
All suche falslyd foule befall it

**C** Christes mynysters clepen they bene  
And rulen all in robbery  
But Antichrist they seruen clene  
Attyred all in tyranny  
Wytneffe of Jokes prophesy  
That Antichrist is her admyrall  
Tyfflers attyred in trechery  
All suche faytours foule hem fall

**C** Who sayth that some of hem may synne  
He shalbe done to be deed  
Some of hem woll gladly wyne  
All ayenst that / whiche god forbede  
All holpest they clepen her heed  
That of her rule is regall  
Alas that euer they eten breed  
For all suche falslyd woll foule fall

In vestimen  
tis ouium in  
tri secus au  
tem sunt lu  
pi rapaces.

**C** Her heed loueth all honour  
And to be worshypped in worde and dede  
Kynges mote to hem knele and coure  
To the Apostels / that Christ forbede  
To Popes hestes suche taketh more hede  
Than to kepe Christes comaundement  
Of golde and syluer mote ben her wede  
They holdeth hym hole omnyppotent

Extollens se  
super omne /  
quod dicitur  
deus.

He oꝝ



## The fyrst parte

**H**e ordayneth by his ordynaunce  
 To paryll the preeles a powere  
 To another a greater auaunce  
 A greater poynt to his mylere  
 But for he is hygher in erthe here  
 To hym referueth he many a poynt  
 But to Christ that hath no pere  
 Reserueth he neyther oppyn ne toynt

**S**o semeth he abouen all  
 And Christ abouen hym nothyng  
 Whan he sytteth in his stall  
 Dampneth and saueth as hym thynke  
 Suche prude tofore god dothe synke  
 An Angell badde Iohi to hym nat knele  
 But onely to god do his bowyng  
 Such wyllers of worship must nede puel fele

*Ecce deus  
 scis fortis.*

**T**hey ne clepen Christ / but Sctūs de?  
 And clepen her heed / Sanctissimus  
 They that suche a secte scwys  
 I trowe they taken hem amysse  
 In erthe here they haue her blyse  
 Her hye mayster is Bellyall  
 Christes people from hem wysse  
 For all such false wyll foule fall

*Omne regni  
 in se deusum  
 desolabitur.*

**T**hey mowe bothe bynde and lose  
 And all is for her holy lyfe  
 To saue or dampne they mowe chose  
 Betwene hem now is great stryfe  
 Many a man is kyled with a knyfe  
 To wete which of hem haue lordship shall  
 For suche Christ suffred woundes fyue  
 For all suche falschod woll foule fall

*Polite time  
 ex eos / qui oc  
 cidit corpus  
 estote pruden  
 tes.*

**C**hrist sayd / Qui gladio percutit  
 With swerde he shall dye  
 He bade his preeles peace and gryth  
 And bade hem nat drede for to dye

And

### The fyrst parte

And bade hem be bothe symple and nye  
And carke nat for no catall  
But trusteth on god that syttech on hye  
For all falle shull soule fall

*Sicut serpen  
tes et simpli  
ces sicut co  
lumbe.*

¶ These wollen make men to swere  
Avenit Chrystes comaundement  
And Chrystes membres all to tere  
On hoode / as he were newe pynt  
Suche lawes they maken by comen assent  
Echone it choweth as a ball  
Thus the pooze be fully shent  
But euer falsshed foule it fall

*Ne qui reddu  
cunt leges in  
iquas ut opor  
tuit pauper  
es i iudicio.*

¶ They bryn no Simony  
But sellen churches and priories  
Ne they bryn no Enuy  
But cursen all hem contraries  
And hypereth men by dayes and yeres  
With strength to holde hem in her stall  
And culleth all her aduersaries  
Therfore falsshed soule thou fall

¶ With purse they purchase personage  
With purse they paynen hem to plede  
And men of warre they woll wage  
To bynge her enemyes to the dede  
And lordes lyues they woll lede  
And moche take and gyue but small  
But he it to gete / from it shail shede  
And make suche falsc right foule fall

¶ They halowe nothyng but for hyre  
Churche / tont / ne vestement  
And make orders in eury hyre  
But preestes paye for the parchement  
Of riatours they taken rent  
Therwith they smere the shepes skall  
For many churches ben ofte suspent  
All suche falsshed yet foule it fall

**Some**

## The fyrst parte

**C** Some lyueth nat in lechery  
 But haunten wenchis / wydowes / & wyues  
 And punysmeth the pooze for putty  
 Them selfe it vseth all her lyues  
 And but a man to them shruies  
 To heuyn come neuer he shall  
 He shalbe cursed as be captyues  
 To hell they sayne that he shall fall

**A** There was more mercy in Maximyen  
 And in Nero / that neuer was good  
 Than is now in some of them  
 Whan he hath on his furred hood  
 They tolowe Christ that shedde his blode  
 To heuyn / as buckette in to the wall  
 Suche wretches ben worse than wode  
 And all suche saytoursoule hem fall

**C** They gyue her almeste to the ryche  
 To maynecynours / and to men of lawe  
 For to lordes they wolle be lyche  
 In harlottes sonne nat worthe an hawe  
 Sothfastnesse suche han lawe  
 They kembre her crokettes with chystall  
 And drede of god they haue downe drawe  
 All suche saytoursoule hem fall

*Exposit in  
 platca vers  
 cas.  
 Alac. lix.*

**C** They maken parsons for the penny  
 And canons of her cardynals  
 Unnethes amongst hem all any  
 That he ne hath glofed the gospel fals  
 For Christ made neuer no cathedrals  
 He with hym was no cardynall  
 With a Redde hatte as blyn mynstrals  
 But falsshed soule mote it befall

*Charitas nō  
 querit q̄ sua  
 sunt.*

**C** Their tythyng / and her offryng bo th  
 They clemeth it by possessyon  
 Thero: nyl they non forgo  
 But robben men as raunsome

The

### The fyrste parte

The tithyng of Turpe lucrum  
With these maisters is meynall  
Tithyng of byzby/ and larcen  
Wyll make falsched full foule to fall

¶ They taken to ferme her sompnours  
To harme the people what they may  
To pardoners/ and false saytours  
Sell her scales I dare well say  
And all to holden great array  
To multiply hem more metall  
They dyede full lytell domes day  
Whan all suche shall foule fall

¶ Suche harlottes shall men dysclaunder  
For they shall make her gree  
And ben as proude as Alexander  
And sayne to the pooze / wo be ye  
By yere eche preeste shall paye his fee  
To encrease his lemmans call  
Suche heerdes shall well puell the  
And all suche false shall foule fall

*Ne homini il  
li per quem  
scandalum ve  
nit.*

¶ And if a man be falsely famed  
And wolde make purgacioun  
Than wold the offycers be agramed  
And assigne hym fro towne to towne  
So nede he must paye ransome  
Though he be clene / as is chynall  
And than haue an absolution  
But all suche false shall foule fall

¶ Though he be gyltie of the dede  
And that he maye money pay  
All the whyle his purse wold blede  
He maye vse it fro day to day  
These byshoppes offycers gone full gay  
And this game they vlen ouer all  
The pooze to pyl is all their pray  
All suche false shall foule fall

Alas



### The fyrste parte

**C** Alas/ god orghayned neuer suche lawe  
He no suche crafte of couetyse  
He forbade it by his lawe  
Suche gouernours motwen of god agryse  
For all his rules is rightwysse  
These newe popntes ben pure papall  
And goddes lawe they dyspyce  
And all suche saytours shull foule fall

**C** They sayne that Peter had the key  
Of heuyn and hell/ to haue and holde  
I trowe Peter toke no money  
For no synnes that he solde  
Suche successours ben to bolde  
In wyngyng all their witte they w2all  
Her conscience is waren colde  
And all suche saytours foule hem fall

**C** Peter was neuer so great a sole  
To leaue his key with suche a lozell  
Or to take suche cursedliche a tole  
He was aduysed nothyng well  
I trowe they haue the key of hell  
Their maister is of that place marshall  
For there they dwellen hem to dwell  
And with falle Lucifere there to fall

**C** They ben as proude as Lucifarre  
As angry/ and as enuyous  
From good faith they ben full farre  
In couetyse they ben curyous  
To catche cattell as couptous  
As hounde/ that for hunte wolle yall  
Ungoodly/ and bngtious  
And nedelyliche falsch shall foule fall

**C** The pope and he were Peters heyre  
He thynke he erreth in this case  
Whan choyse of bysshoppes is in dyspeyre  
To cholen hem in dyuers place

A lorde



### The fyrst parte

A lorde shall write to hym for grace  
For his clerke anone pray he shall  
So shall he spede his purchace  
And all suche false soule hem fall

**C** Though he can no more good  
A lordes prayer shalbe spedde  
Though he be wyld or wyll or wood  
Nat vnderstandyng what men han redde  
A leude bolster / and that god forbode  
As good a byshoppe is my hoxle ball  
Suche a Dope is soule be iteode  
And at last woll soule fall

**H**e maketh byshoppes for erthly thanke  
And nothyng for Chyrites sake  
Suche that ven full fatte and ranke  
To soule heale none hede they take  
All is well done what euer they make  
For they shall anwere at ones for all  
For worldes thanke / suche worch and wake  
And all suche false shall soule fall

**S**uche that canne nat her Crede  
With prayer shall be made prelates  
Nought canne the gospell rede  
Suche shall now weelde hys estates  
The hys goodes frendshipp hem makes  
They toteth on her some totall  
Suche bere the keyes of hell yates  
And all suche false shall soule fall

**T**hey forsake for Chyrites loue  
Trauyle / hungre / thurst / and colde  
For they ben ordred euer all aboue  
Out of youthe tyll they ben olde  
By the doze they go / nat in to the folde  
To helpe their shepe they nought trauall  
Hired men all suche I holde  
And all suche false soule hem fall

B. 1.

fo:

### The fyrst parte

For Christ her kyng they woll forsake  
And knowe hym nought for his pouerte  
For Christes loue they woll wake  
And drynke pyement ale aparte  
Of god they seme nothyng a ferde  
As lussy lyueth/ as dyde Lamuall  
And dryuen her shepe in to deserte  
All suche faytours shull foule fall

Christ had .xii. apostels here  
Nowe saye they/ there may be but one  
That may nat erre in no mancre  
Who leueth nat this ben lost cchone  
Peter erred/ so dyde nat Johñ  
Why is he cleped the principall?  
Christ cleped hym Peter/ but hym selfe þ stone  
All false faytours foule hem fall

Why cursen they the crosfery  
Christes christen creatures  
For bytwene hem is nowe enuy  
To be enhaunsed in honours  
And christen lyuers with her labours  
For they leuyn on no man mortall  
But do to dethe with dishonours  
And all suche false foule hem fall

What knoweth a tyllour at the plowe  
The popes name / and what he hate  
His crede suffyleth to hym ynowe  
And knoweth a cardynall by his hatte  
Rough is the poore vnrighly latte  
That knoweth Christ his god royall  
Suche maters be nat worth a gnatte  
But suche false faytours foule hem fall

A kyng shall knele and kysse his shoue  
Christ suffred a synfull to kysse his fete  
We thynketh he holdeth hym hye ynowe  
So Lucifer dyd / that hye sette

Suche

## The seconde parte

Such one me thynketh hym selfe forpete  
Eythre to the trowth he was nat call  
Christ that suffred woundes wete  
Shall make suche falshe foule fall

**T**hey layeth out her large nettes  
For to take syluer and golde  
Fyllen coffers / and sakes fettes  
There as they soules catche holde  
Her seruautes be to them vnholde  
But they can doublyn their rentall  
To bygge hem castels / and bygge hem holde  
And all suche falle foule hem fall

**H**ere endeth the fyrst part of this  
boke / and herafter foloweth  
the seconde parte

**A**ccorde with this worde fall  
No more Englyshe can I fynde  
Shewe another nowe I shall  
For I haue moche to saye behynde  
Howe preestes han the people pynde  
As curteys Christ hath me kende  
And putte this matter in my mynde  
To make this maner men amende

*Qui non est  
in eum / con-  
tra me est.*

**S**hortly to shende hem / and shewe nowe  
Howe wrongfully they worche and walke  
O hye god / nothyng they tell / ne howe  
But in goddes worde / telleth many a balke  
In hernes holde hem and in halke  
And prechyn of tythes and offrende  
And vntruly of the gospel talke  
For his mercy god it amende

*Qui non est  
sc.*

**W**hat is Antichrist to saye  
But euyn Christes aduersary  
Suche hath nowe ben many a day  
To Christes byddyng full contrary

B. ii.

That

### The seconde parte

That from the trouthe cleue hary  
Out of the waye they ben wende  
And Christes people vntreuly cary  
God for his pytie it amende -

¶ That lyuen contrary to Christes lyfe  
In hye pryde agaynst mekenesse  
Agaynst sufferaunce they ben styfe  
And angre ayenst sobrynesse  
Agaynst wylledome wylfulnesse  
To Christes tales lytell tende  
Agaynst meASURE outragiousnesse  
But whan god woll it maye amende

¶ Lordly lyfe ayenst lowlynesse  
And demyn all without mercy  
And couetyse ayenst largesse  
Agaynst trewth trechery  
And agaynst almesse enuy  
Agaynst Chyst they comprehend  
For chastyte they maynteyne lechery  
God for his grace this amende

¶ Ayenst penaunce they vse delighes  
Ayenst sustenance stronge defence  
Ayenst god they vse yuell rightes  
Agaynst pytye punysshementes  
Open yuell ayenst contynence  
Yet wicked wynnyng worse dispence  
Sobrynesse they sette in to dispence  
But god for his goodnesse it amende

¶ Why cleyment they holy his powere  
And wranglen ayenst all his bestes  
His lyuyng folowen they nothyng here  
But lyuen worse than wytlese beestes  
Of fylthe and deshe they louen feestes  
As lordes they ben brode rynde  
Of goddes pooze they haten gesses  
God for his mercy this amende

With



## The seconde parte

**W**ith Dyuers suche shall haue her dome  
That sayne that they be Christes frendes  
And do nothyng as they shulde done  
All suche ben falsse than ben fendes  
On the people they ley suche bendes  
As god is in erth they han offende  
Sucour for suche Christ nowe sende vs  
And for his mercy this amende

**A** token of Antichrist they be  
His carekes ben nowe wyde yknowe  
Reccyued to preche shall no man be  
Without token of hym I trowe  
Eche christen preest / to prechyn owe  
From god aboue they ben sende.  
Goddes worde / to all folke for to shewe  
Synfull man for to amende

**C**hrist sente the pooze for to preche  
The royall riche he dyd nat so  
Nowe dare no pooze the people teche  
For Antichrist is ouer all her foe  
Amonge the people he mote go  
He hath bydden / all suche suspende  
Some hath he hente / & thynketh yet mo  
But all this god may well amende

**A**ll tho that han the worlde forlake  
And lyuen loly / as god badde  
In to her prison shullen be take  
Betyn and bounden / and forthe ladde  
Herof I rede no man be dradde  
Christ sayd / his shulde be shende  
Eche man ought herof be gladde  
For god full well it woll amende

**T**hey take on hem royall powere  
And saye they haue swerdes two  
One curse to hell / one see men here  
For at his takynng Christ had no mo

*Ecce gladii  
duo hic*

B.iii.

Yet



## The seconde parte

Yet Peter had one of the  
But Christ / to Peter smyte gan defende  
And in to the sheeth hadde putte it the  
And all suche myscheues god amende

*Mos qui spi-  
rituales ekis  
inflicte alios  
in spu lenita-  
tis iustitabo  
pastore stul-  
tum / q dicit  
sa no coliget.  
Hec oues pi-  
gus con-  
det, i habe-  
bit gladiu in  
brachio dex-  
tro / i gladiu  
in omni lami-  
tro.*

**C** Christ hadde Peter kepe his shepe  
And with his swerde forbade hym smyte  
Swerde is no tole with shepe to kepe  
But to sheperdes that shepe woll byte  
He thynketh suche sheperdes ben to wyte  
Apen her shepe with swerde that contende  
They driue her shepe with great dyspyte  
But all this god may well amende

**C** So successours to Peter be they nought  
Whom Christ made chese pastoure  
A swerde no sheperde vsen ought  
But he wolde lye / as a bochoure  
For who so were Peters successour  
Shulde bete his shepe tyll his backe bende  
And shadowe hem from cuery shoure  
And all this god maye well amende

*Lac comede-  
batio i laniis  
cooper cba-  
mini / i quod  
pingue erat  
occidit.*

**C** Successours to Peter ben these  
In that that Peter Christ forsoke  
That had leuer the loue of god lese  
Than a sheperde had to lese his hoke  
He culleth the shepe as dothe the coke  
Of hem taken the woll vntrende  
And falsely glose the gospel boke  
God for his mercy them amende

*Cum dixit  
Iesus disci-  
pulis suis qd  
oportet ei ire*

**C** After Christ had take Peter the key  
Christ sayd / he muste dye for man  
That Peter to Christ gan withsay  
Christ hadde hym go behynde Sathan  
Suche couisaylours many of these men han  
For worldes wele / god to offende  
Peters successours they ben for than  
But all suche god may well amende

## The seconde parte

**I**f for Sathan is to say no more  
But he that contrary to Christ is  
In this they lerne Peters lore  
They sewen hym whan he dyd mysse  
They folowe Peter forsothe in this  
In all that Christ wolde Peter reprehende  
But nat in that that longeth to heuyn blyss  
God for his mercy hem amende

*Iherosolimam  
et multa patri.  
Ridit petr.  
Perquam  
erit tibi hoc  
Iesus dixit  
petro: Glads  
post me sa-  
thanas.*

**S**ome of the Apostels they sewen in case  
Of ought that I can vnderstonde  
Hym that betrayed Christ / Judas  
That bare the purse in eueri londe  
And all that he myght sette on honde  
He hydde and stole / and mysperde  
His rule these traytours han in honde  
Almighty god hem amende

*fur erat /  
loculos habe-  
bat et ea que  
mittebantur  
portabat.*

**A**nd at last his lord gan tray  
Curledly through his false couetyse  
So wolde these / trayen hym for money  
And they wyten in what wyse  
They be sek of the selfe enlyse  
From all sothnesse they ben frende  
And couetyse chaungen with queyntise  
Almighty god all such amende

*Et dolo cape-  
rent et occide-  
rent*

**W**ere Christ on erthe here este sone  
These wolde dampne hym to dye  
All his bestes they han fordone  
And sayne his lawes ben heresp  
And ayenst his commaundementes they crye  
And dampne all his to be hynde  
For it lyketh nat hem such losengery  
God almighty hem amende

**T**hese han more myght in Englande hets  
Than hath the kyng and all his lawe  
They han purchasid hem such powere  
To taken hem whom lyke nat knawe

And

## The seconde parte

And say that heresy is her sawe  
And so to prysone wolle hem sende  
It was nat so by elder dawe  
God for his mercy it amende

**¶** The kynges lawe wolle no man deme  
Angerlyche withouten answer  
But if any man these mysqume  
He shalbe beted as a bere  
And yet wel worse they wolle hym tere  
And in prysone wolle hem pende  
In gyues/ and in other gere  
Whan god wolle/ it maye mende

*Lex neminem  
iudicat / At-  
si prius audi-  
erit ab eo qui  
dicit.*

**¶** The kyng taxeth nat his men  
But by aillence of the comynalte  
But these eche yere wolle raunsom hem  
Hauertully/ more than doth he  
Her seales by yere better be  
Than is the kynges in extende  
Her officers han gretter sce  
But this myschefe god amende

**¶** For who so wolle proue a testament  
That is nat all worthe tenne pounde  
He shal paye for the parchement  
They thirde parte of the money all rounde  
Thus the people is raunsounde  
They say suche parte to hem shulde apende  
There as they geypen it gothe to grounde  
God for his mercy it amende

**¶** A symple fornyacion  
Twenty shyllinges he shal paye  
And than haue an absolution  
And all the yere blen it forthe he may  
Thus they letten hem go a stray  
They recke nat though the soule be bzende  
These keppyn yuell Peters key  
And all suche sheperdes god amende

Wonn

## The seconde parte

**W**onder is / that the parlyament  
And all the lordes of this londe  
Herto taken so lytell entent  
To helpe the people out of her bonde  
For they ben harder in their bonde  
Worse beate / and bytter brende  
Than to the kyng is vnderstande  
God hym helpe this to amende

*Cum filii ho-  
ly poluerunt  
domini sacri-  
ficiū . etc.*

**W**hat bysshoppes / what relygions  
Han in this lande as moche laye fee  
Lordshippes / and possellions  
More than the lordes / it semeth me  
That maketh hem lese charyte  
They mowe nat to god attende  
In erthe they haue so hyghe degree  
God for his mercy it amende

*Paul⁹ inimi-  
cos crucisepi  
quorum finis  
interitus qui  
terrena sapi-  
unt . etc.*

**T**he Emperour yaf the pope somtyme  
So highe lordshyppe hym aboute  
That at laste the sely kyng  
The proude Pope putte hym out  
So of this realme is in doute  
But lordes be ware and them defende  
For nowe these folk be wonder stoute  
The kyngc and lordes nowe this amende.

*Reges genti-  
um dñantur  
eorum .*

Thus endeth the seconde parte of  
this boke / and herafter folo-  
weth the thirde

**M**oyses lawe forbode it tho  
That preestes shuld no lordshippes  
Christes gospel byddeth also (welde  
That they shulde no lordshippe helde  
As Christes Apostels were neuer so bolde  
No suche lordshippes to them embrace  
But smeren her shepe and kepe her folde  
God amende hem for his grace

*Ad habenda  
hereditate sa-  
cerdotes et le-  
uite inter fra-  
tres eorū ego  
autem pars  
hereditas eo-  
rum . etc.*

C. i. for



### The thirde parte

Her quisquis  
eorum q. pos-  
sederat ali-  
quid sui esse  
dicebat.  
Et fructibus  
eor. cognosce-  
tis eos. v.  
Homo cum i  
honore esset  
non intelli-  
git. v.

For they ne ben but countrefete  
Men may knowe hem by her fruite  
Her gretnesse maketh hem god forpete  
And take his mekenesse in dyspyte  
And they were pooze and had but lyte  
They nolde nat demen after the face  
But noz the her shepe/ and hem nat byte  
God amende hem for his grace

**Gryffon.** What canst thou preche ayenst chanons  
That men clepen seculere?

**Belcan** They ben curates of many towne  
On erthe they haue great powere  
They han great prebendes and dere  
Some two or thre/ and some mo  
A personage to ben a playeng fere  
And yet they serue the kyng also

And lette to ferme all that fare  
To whom that w.oll most gyue therfore  
Some w.oll spende/ and some w.oll spare  
And some w.oll lape it vp in stoz  
A cure of soule they care nat fore  
So they mo.ve money take  
Whether her soules be wonne or loze  
Her profytes they w.oll nat forlake

They haue a gederyng procuratour  
That can the pooze people enplede  
And robben hem as a raupnour  
And to his lozde the money lede  
And cathe of quicke and eke of dede  
And richen hym and his lozde eke  
And to robbe the pooze can gyue good rede  
Of olde and yonge/ of hole and sphe

Therwith they purchase hem lay fee  
In londe/ there hem lyketh best  
And buyde also brode as a cyte  
Bothe in the Est/ and eke in the west

To



### The thirde parte

To purchase thus they ben full prest  
But on the pooze they woll nought spende  
Ne no good gyue to goddes gest  
Ne sende hym some that all hath sende

¶ By her scrupce suche woll lyue  
And trulle that other in to treasour  
Though all her paryshe dye vnshure  
They woll nat gyue a rose floure  
Her lyfe shulde be as a myrrour  
Bothe to lered and to leude also  
And teche the people her lele labour  
Suche myster men ben all mylgo

¶ Some of hem ben harde nygges  
And some of hem ben proude and gay  
Some spende her good vpon gygges  
And fynden hem of great aray  
Alas / what thynke these men to say  
That thus dispenden goddis good  
At the dredefull domes dape  
Suche wretches shulbe woxe than wood

¶ Some her churches neuer ne spe  
Ne neuer o peny thyder ne sende  
Though the pooze parysshens for hungre dye  
O peny on hem wll they nat spende  
Haue they recepyng of the rente  
They recke neuer of the remenat  
Alas the deupll hath clene hem blent  
Suche one is Sathanas sojourant

¶ And vlen hoedome and harlotry  
Couetyse / pompe / and prude  
Slouth / wrathe / and eke enuy  
And sewen synne by euery syde  
Alas / where thynke suche tabyde  
Howe woll they accomptes pelde  
From hye god they mowe hem nat hyde  
Suche wylers witte is nat worth a nelde

C.ii. They

### The thirde parte

**T**hey ben so roted in richesse  
That Christes pouert is foryet  
Serued with so many melle  
Hem thinketh that Hanna is no mete  
All is good that they mowe gete  
They wene to lyue euermore  
But whan god at dome is sette  
Suche treasour is a feble stoze

**U**nnethe mote they matyns sape  
For countynge and for court holdynge  
And yet he iangleth as a rape  
And vnderstoni hym selfe nothyng  
He woll serue bothe erle and kyng  
For his syndynge and his fee  
And hyde his tpyngge and his offryng  
This is a feble charite

**E**ither they ben proude / or coueytous  
Or they ben harde / or hungry  
Or they ben lyberall or lecherous  
Or els medlers with marchandy  
Or maynteyners of men with maistry  
Or stewardes / counours / or pldours  
And serue god in hypocrisy  
Suche preeles ben Christes falle traytours

**T**hey ben falle / they ben vengeable  
And be gylen men in Christes name  
They ben vnstedfast and vnstable  
To tray her lord / hem thynketh no shame  
To serue god they ben full lame  
Goddess theues / and falsly stele  
And falsely goddes worde defame  
In wynnyng is her worldes wele

**A**ntichrist these seruen all  
I pray the who may say nay:  
With Antichrist suche shall fall  
They folowen hym in dede and say

To

### The thirde parte

They seruyñ hym in riche array  
To serue Christ suche falsely sayne  
Why / at the dredefull domes day  
Shull they nat folowe hym to payne :

**C**hat knowen hem selfe that they done yll  
Ayenst Christes comaundement  
And amende hem neuer ne wyll  
But serue Sathan by one assent  
Who sayth sothe he shalbe spent  
Or speketh ayenst her false luyng  
Who so well lyueth shalbe bzent  
For suche ben gretter than the kyng

**C** Pope / byshoppes / and cardyuals  
Chanons / persons / and bycayze  
In goddes seruyce I trowe ben false  
That sacramentes sellen here  
And ben as proude as Lucifer  
Eche man loke whether that I lye  
Who so speketh ayenst her powere  
It shal be holden heresy

**L**oke howe many orders take  
Onely of Christ / for his seruyce  
That the worldes goodes forsake  
Who so taketh orders / or other wyse  
I trowe that they shall sore agryse  
For all the gloze that they come  
All sewen nat this assyse  
In yuell tyme they thus begonne

**L**oke howe many amonge hem all  
Holden nat this hye way  
With Antichrist they shullen fall  
For they wolden god betray  
God amende hem that best may  
For many men they maken shende  
They weten well the sothe I say  
But the dyuell hath foule hem blende

C. iiii. Some

### The thirde parte

**S**ome on her churches dwell  
Appaylled poozety/ proude of porte  
The seyn sacramentes they done sell  
In cattell catchyng is her comforte  
Of eche matter they wollen mell  
And done hem wronge is her dispoze  
To astray the people they ben fel  
And holde hem lower than dothe the lord

**F**or the tithyng of a duke  
Or of an apple/ or an aye  
They make men sweve vpon a boke  
Thus they foullyn Christes say  
Suche beren yuell heuyn kay  
They mowen asloyle/ they mowe shryue  
With mennes wyues strongly play  
With trewe tyllers sturte and stryue

**A**t the wrestlyng/ and at the wake  
And chefe chauntours at the nale  
Markette beters / and medlyng make  
Hoppen and houten with heue and hale  
At rayze frellhe/ and at wyne stale  
Dync and dunke/ and make debate  
The seyn sacramentes sette at sayle  
Howe kepe suche they kepes of heuyn gate

**M**ennes wyues they wollen holde  
And though that they ben ryght soz  
To speke they shull nat be so bolde  
For sompnyng to the consistoy  
And make hem save mouthe I lye  
Though they it sawe with her eye  
His lemman holden openly  
No man so hardy to axe why

**H**e woll haue tythyng & offryng  
Hauger who so euer it gruche  
And twyse on the day he woll synge  
Goddess prestes nere none suche



### The thirde parte

He mote on huntynge with dogge and bytche  
And blowen his hoerne / and cryen hey  
And soxtery vlen as a wytche  
Suche keppyn yuell Peters key

¶ Yet they mote haue some stocke or ston  
Gayly paynted / and proudly dight  
To maken men leuyn vpon  
And say that it is full of might  
About suche / men sette vp great lyghe  
Other suche stockes shull stonde thereby  
As darke as it were midnigh  
For it may make no maistr

¶ That it leude people se mowe  
Thou Mary / thou worchest wonder thynges  
About that / that men offryn to now  
Hongen broches / ouches / and rynges  
The prest purchaseth the offrynges  
But he nyll offre to none ymage  
Who is the soule that he for synges  
That precheth for suche a pylgrymage

¶ To men and women that ben pooze  
That ben Christes owne lykenesse  
Men shulden offre at her doze  
That suitryn hungr and dystresse  
And to suche ymages offre lesse  
That mowe nat fele thirst ne colde  
The pooze in spyrite gan Christ blesse  
Therfore offreth to feble and olde

¶ Buckelers brode / and swerdes long  
Baudryke / with balclardes keene  
Suche toles about her necke they hange  
With Antichristliche prestes bene  
Upon her dedes it is well sene  
Whom they seruen / whom they honoren  
Antichristes they ben clene  
And goddis goodes falsely deuouren

### The thirde parte

**C** Of scarlet and grene gay gownes  
That mote be shap for the newe  
To clyppen and kysen couēten in towne  
The damosels that to the dauuce sewe  
Cuttet clothes to sewe her hewe  
With longe pykes on her shone  
Our goddes gospell is nat trewe  
Eythet they seruen the dyuell or none

**C** Nowe ben preestes pokes so wyde  
That men must enlarge the vestment  
The holy gospell they done hyde  
For they contraryen in rayment  
Suche preestes of Lucifere ben sent  
Lyke conquerours they ben arayde  
The proude pendautes at her ars ypent  
Falsely the truthe they han betrayde

**C** Shrifte syluer suche wollen aske is  
And woll men crepe to the crouche  
None of the sacramentes sauc askes  
Without mede shall no man touche  
On her byshoppe their warant vouch  
That is lawe of the decre  
With mede and money thus they mouche  
And thus they sayne is charyte

**C** In the myddes of her masse  
They nyl haue no man but for hyre  
And full shortly lette forth passe  
Suche shall men fynde in eche shyre  
That personages for profyte desyre  
To lyue in lykynge and in lustes  
I dare nat sayne / Sans ose ico dire  
That suche ben Antichristes preestes

**C** Or they yef the byshoppes why  
Or they mote ben in his seruyce  
And holden forthe her harlotry  
Suche prelates ben of feble empuse

### The thirde parte

Of goddis grame suche men agryse  
For suche matters that taken mede  
Howe they excuse hem/ and in what wyse  
He thynketh they ought greatly drede

**T**hey sayne / that it to no man longeth  
To reproue them though they erre  
But falsely goddis goodesse they songeth  
And therewith maynteyne wo and werre  
Her dedes shulde be as bright as sterre  
Her lyuyng/ leude mannes lyght  
They say the pope maye nat erre  
Nede must that passe mannes might

**T**hough a prest lye w<sup>t</sup> his leman all night  
And tellen his felowe/ and he hym  
He goth to masse anone right  
And sayth he syngeth out of synne  
His byrde abideth hym at his inne  
And dighteth his dyner the meane whyle  
He syngeth his masse for he wolde wyne  
And so he weneth god begyle

**H**em thynketh long tyll they be mette  
And that they bsen for the all the pere  
Amonge the folke whan he is sette  
He holdeth no man halfe his pere  
Of the bysshoppe he hath powere  
To soyle men / or els they ben lore  
His absolutyon may make them skere  
And wo is the soule that he syngeth fore

**T**he Gryffon began for to threte  
And sayd/ of monkes canst thou ought  
\* The Delycane sayd / they ben full grete  
And in this worlde moche wo hath wrought  
Saynt Benet / that her order brought  
He made hem neuer on suche manere  
I trowe it came neuer in this thought  
That they shulde vse so great powere

Gryffon.

Delycan.

That

### The thirde parte

**T**hat a man shuld a monke lord call  
He serue on knees/ as a kyng  
He is as proude as prince in pall  
In mete/ and drynke/ and all thyng  
Some wearyn myter and ryng  
With double worsted well ydight  
With tofall mete and riche drynke  
And rideth on a courser as a knyght

**W**ith hauke and With houndes eke  
With byches or ouches on his hode  
Some saye no masse in all a weke  
Of depnties is her most fode  
With lordshippes and with bondmen  
This is a tofall relygyoun  
Saynt Benet made ueuer none of hem  
To haue lordshippe of man ne towne

**N**owe they ben qneynte and curious  
With fyne clothe cladde and serued clene  
Proude angry/ and enuyous  
Halpce is mouche that they meane  
In catchyng crafty and couetous  
Lordly lyuen in great lypkyng  
This lynyng is nat relygyous  
Accordyng to Benette in his luyng

**T**hey ben clerkes/ her courtes they ouer se  
Her pooze ternaunce fully they fyte  
The hyte that a man amerced be  
The gladlyer they woll it wryte  
This is ferre from Christes pouerte  
For all with conetyle they endyte  
On the pooze they haue no pyte  
He neuer hem cheryshe but euer hem byte

**A**nd comenly suche ben comen  
Of pooze people / and of hem begete  
That this perfection han ynomen  
Her fathers ryden nat but on her sete

And



### The thirde parte

And trauaplen soze for that they ete  
In pouert lyueth yonge and olde  
Her fathers suffreth drought and wete  
Many hungry meles / thirst / and colde

¶ And all this the monkes han forsake  
For Cristes loue and saynt Benette  
To pride and ease haue hem take  
This relygion is yuell be sette  
Had they ben out of relygioun  
They must haue honged at the plowe  
Therelhyng & dykyng fro towne to towne  
With soyy mete / and nat halfe ynowe

¶ Therfore they han this all forsake  
And taken to riches / pride / and ease  
Full fewe for god wolle monkes hem make  
Lyrell is such order for to prayse  
Saynt Benet ordayned it nat so  
But badde hem be chereliche  
In churliche maner lyue and go  
Boyssous in erthe / and nat lordlych

¶ They disclanuder saynt Benette  
Therfore they haue his holy curse  
Saynt Benet with hem neuer mette  
But if they thought to robbe his purse  
I canne no moze herof tell  
But they ben lyke tho befoze  
And clene serue the dyuell of hell  
And ben his treasour and his store

¶ And all suche other counterseytours  
Chanons / canons / and suche dysgydes  
Ben goddes enemyes and traytours  
His trewe relygion han soule dyspydes  
Of frcres I haue tolde befoze  
In a makynge of a Crede  
And yet I coude tell worse and moze  
But men wolde weryen it to rede

### The thirde parte

Cryston.

**A**s goddes goodnesse no man tell might  
Wyte ne speke / ne thynke in thought  
So her falshe / and her vnright  
May no man tell that euer god wrought  
The Cryston sayd / thou canst no good  
Thou came neuer of no gentyll kynde  
Outher I trowe thou werest wood  
Or els thou hast loste thy mynde

**S**ulde holy churches haue no heed:  
Who shulde be her gouernayle  
Who shulde her rule / who shulde her reed  
Who shulde her forthren / who shulde auayle  
Eche man shall lyue by his trauayle  
Who best doth / shall haue most mede  
With strength if men the church assayle  
With strength men must defende her nede

**A**nd the pope were purely pooze  
Acyd / and nothyng ne hadoe  
He shulde be driuen from doze to doze  
The wicked of hym nolde nat be dradde  
Of suche an heed men wolde be sadde  
And synfully lyuen as hem lust  
With strength / amdoes suche be made  
With wepen wolues from shepe be wust

**I**f the pope and prelates wolde  
So begge / & bydde / bove and bozowe  
Holy church shulde stande full colde  
Her seruauntes sytte and soupe sozowe  
And they were noughty foule and hozowe  
To worshyppe god men wolde wlate  
Bothe on eyn and on mozowe  
Suche harlotry men wolde hate

**T**herfore men of holy church  
Shulde ben honest in all thyng  
Worshypfully goddes workes werche  
So semeth it to serue Christ her kyng

### The thirde parte

In honest and in cleane clothyng  
With vessels of golde and clothes ryche  
To god honestly to make offeryng  
To his lordshyppe none is lyche

**T**he Pellycan caste on houghe crye  
And sayd alas / why sayest thou so  
Christ is our heed that sytteth on hys  
Heddes ne ought we haue no mo  
We ben his membris bothe also  
And father he taught vs to call hym als  
Masters to be called defended he tho  
All other masters ben wicked and fals

Pellycan

**T**hat taketh maistry in his name  
Goodly / and for erthly good  
Kynge and lordes shulde lordshyp haue  
And rule the people with mylde mode  
Christ for vs that shedde his blode  
Hadde his preestes no mapstershyp haue  
Ne carke nat for clothe ne fode  
From euery myschefe he wyll hem saue

**H**er riche clothyng shalbe ryght wysenelle  
Her treasour / trewe lyfe shalbe  
Charite shalbe her ryche  
Her lordshippe shalbe vnite  
Hope in god / her honeste  
Her befall cleane conscience  
Dooze in spryte / and humylyte  
Shalbe holy churches defence

**W**hat sayd the Gryffon may the greue  
That other folkes faren wele  
What haste thou to done with her lyue  
Thy falschyd eche man may felle  
For thou canst no ratell gete  
But lyuest in londe as a lozell  
With glosyng gettest thou thy mete  
So fareth the demyll that wormeth in helle

Gryffon.

D. i.

De

### The thirde parte

He wolde that eche man there shulde dwell  
For he lyueth in clene enuye  
So with the tales that thou dost tell  
Thou woldest other people distrey  
With your glose/ and your hersey  
For ye can lyue no better lyfe  
But clene in hypocrisy  
And byngest the in wo and streyfe.

¶ And therewith haue nat to done  
For ye ne haue here no cure  
Ye serue the dyuell / neither god ne man  
And he shall paye you your hyre  
For ye woll fare well at festes  
And warme clothed for the colde  
Therefore ye glose goddis hestes  
And begyle the people yonge and olde

¶ And all the seupn sacramentes  
ye speke apenst / as ye were lye  
Apenst tithiges / offrynges / with your entetes  
And on our lordes body falsely lye  
And all this ye done to lyue in ease  
As who sayth / there ben none suche  
And sayne the pope is nat worth a pease  
To make the people apen hym gruche

¶ And this cometh in by fendes  
To byng the christen in dischaunce  
For they wolde that no man were frendes  
Leaue thy chattryng with myschaunce  
If thou lyue well / what wylte thou moze  
Lette other men lyue as hem lyst  
Spende in good / as kepe in store  
Othe mennes conscience neuer thou nytt

¶ Ye han no cure to answeere foze  
What meddell ye / that han nat to done  
Lette men lyue as they han done yore  
For thou shalts answeere for no man

The



### The thirde parte

**C** The Bellycan sayd/ Sy?/ nay  
I dyspyled nat the pope  
He no sacramente/ sothe to say  
But speke in charite and good hope

Bellycan

**C** But I dyspyse her hye pride  
Her richelle/ that shulde be pooze in spirite  
Her wickednesse is knowe so wyde  
They serue god in false habyte  
And turnyn mekenesse in to pride  
And lowelynesse in to hye degre  
And goddis wordes turne and hyde  
And that am I moued by charite

**C** To lette men to lyue so  
With all my connyng and all my myght  
And to warne men of her wo  
And to tell hem trouthe and ryght  
The sacramentes be soule hele  
If they ben bled in good ble  
Aynst that speke I neuer a dele  
For than were I nothyng wylle

**C** But they that bsen hem in mylle manere  
Or sette hem vp to any sale  
I trowe they shall abyce hem dere  
This is my reason/ this is my tale  
Who so taketh hem vnrighfulllyche  
Aynst the tene comaundmentes  
Or by glose wreched lyche  
Selleth any of the sacramentes

**C** I trowe they do the deuyls homage  
In that they wetyn they do wronge  
And therto I dare well wage  
They seruyn Sathan for all her longe  
To rithen and offren is hollome lyfe  
So it be done in dewe manere  
A man to houselyn and to shryue  
Weddyng/ and all the other in fere

D.ii.

So

### The thirde parte

**E** So it be nother solde ne bought  
He take ne gyue for couetyse  
And it be so taken it is nought  
Who selleth hem so / maye soze agryse  
On our lordes body I do nat lye  
I say sothe thowwe trewe rede  
His fleshe and blode through his mastre  
Is there / in the forme of brede

**E** Howe it is there / it nedeth nat stryue  
Whether it be subgette or accydent  
But as Chyst was / whan he was on lyue  
So is he there becrament  
If pope or cardynall lyue good lyue  
As Chyst commaunded in his gospell  
Apenst that woll I nat stryue  
But me thynketh they lyue nat well

**E** For if the pope lyued as god bede  
Prude and hyghnesse he shulde dyspse  
Rychesse / couetyse / and crowne on hede  
Wekenesse and pouerte he shulde vse

**Gryffon,** **T**he Gryffon sayd he shulde abyde  
Thou shalbe brent in balefull fyre  
All they secte I shall distre  
Ye shalbe hanged by the swyre

**E** Ye shullen be honged and to draue  
Who gyueth you leaue for to preche  
Or speke apenst goddes lawe  
And the people thus falsely teche  
Thou shalt be cursed with boke and bell  
And disseuered from holy churche  
And clene pdampned in to hell  
Othewyse but ye woll worche

**Dellycan** **T**he Dellycan sayd that I ne dyede  
Your cursyng is of lytell value  
Of god I hope to haue my mede  
For it is fasshede that ye shewe

### The thirde parte

Foz ye ben out of charite  
And wylneþ vengeance/as dyd Aeto  
To suffryn I woll redy be  
I drede nat that thou canst do

¶ Christ hadde ones suffre foz his loue  
And so he taught all his seruauntes  
And but thou amende foz his sake aboue  
I drede nat all thy mayntenaunce  
Foz if I drede the worldes hate  
We thynketh I were lytell to prayse  
I drede noþyng your hye estate  
Ne I drede nat your displeace

¶ Wolde ye turne and leaue your pryde  
your hye porte/ and your richells  
your cursyng shulde nat go so wyde  
God byrnyng you in to right wysenesse  
Foz I drede nat your tyranus  
Foz noþyng that ye canne done  
To suffre I am all redy  
Syker I recke neuer howe soone

¶ The Gryffon grynned as he were wode Gryffon.  
And lokyd louely as an owle  
And swore by cockes herte blode  
He wolde hym tere euery doule  
Holy churche thou dilclaundrest foule  
Foz thy reasons I woll the all to race  
And make thy fleshe to rote and moule  
Losell/ thou shalt haue harde grace

¶ The Gryffon flewe forth on his waye  
The Pellycane dyd syte and wepe  
And to hym selfe he gan saye  
God wolde that any of Christes shepe  
Hadde herde/ and ytake kepe  
Eche a worde that here sayd was  
And wolde it wyte and well it kepe  
God wolde it were all foz his grace

D. iii.

Jan

### The thirde parte

**Plowmā** **I** answerde/ and sayd I wolde  
If for my trauayle any man wolde pay  
**Pelycan.** He sayd yes/ these that god han solde  
For they han store of money  
**Plowmā** I sayd/ tell me and thou may  
Why tellest thou mennes trespass?  
**Pelycan.** He sayd/ to amende hem in good fay  
If god woll gyue me any grace

**I** for Christ hym selfe is lykened to me  
That for his people dyed on rode  
As fare I/ right so fareth he  
He fedeth his byrdes with his blode  
But these done puell ayenst gode  
And ben his sone vnder frendes face  
I tolde hem howe her lyuyng stode  
God amende hem for his grace

**Plowmā** **W**hat ayleth the Gryffon/ tell why  
That he holdeth on that other lyde  
For they two ben lykely  
And with kyndes robben wyde  
**Pelycan.** The foule betokeneth pryde  
As Lucifere/ that high flewe was  
And siþe he dyd hym in puell hyde  
For he agylted goddis grace

**A**s byrde flyeth vp in the ayre  
And lyueth by byrdes that ben meke  
So these be slowe vp in to dyspayre  
And shenden sely soules eke  
The soules that ben in synnes seke  
He culleth hem/ kncle therfore alas  
For byrby goddis forbode breke  
God amende it for his grace

**T**he hynder parte is alpoun  
A robber and a rauphere  
That robbeth they people in erthe a dothane  
And in erthe holdeth none his pte



### The thirde parte

So fareth this foule bothe ferre and nere  
And with temporell strength they people chafe  
As a lyon proude in erthe here  
God amende hem for his grace

**T**he fletwe forthe with his wynges twayne **Pellycan**  
All droupyng / dased / and dull

But soone the Gryffon came agayne **Gryffon.**  
Of his foules the erthe was full  
The Pellycan he had cast to pull  
So great a nombre neuer sene there was  
What maner of foules tellen I woll  
If god woll gyue me of his grace

**W**ith the Gryffon comen foules fele  
Kauyns / cokes / crows / and ppe  
Grayfoules / agabzed welc  
I garde aboute they wolde hpe  
Gledes and bosardes weren hem by  
White molles and puttockes token her place  
And lapwynges / that well coneth lye  
This telowshyp han for gerde her grace

**L**ong the Pellycane was out  
But at last he cometh agayne  
And brought with hym the Phenix stoute  
The Gryffon wolde haue tlowe tull rayne  
His foules that fletwen as thycke as rayne  
The Phenix tho began hem chace  
To fye from hym it was in bayne  
For he dyd vengeaunce and no grace

**H**e fletwe hem downe without mercy  
There astarte neyther fere ne thall  
On hym they cast a fufull crye  
Whan the Gryffon downe was fall  
He bete hem nat / but fletwe hem all  
Whither he hem droue no man may trace  
Under the erthe me thought they pall  
Alas they had a feble grace

**Ch**